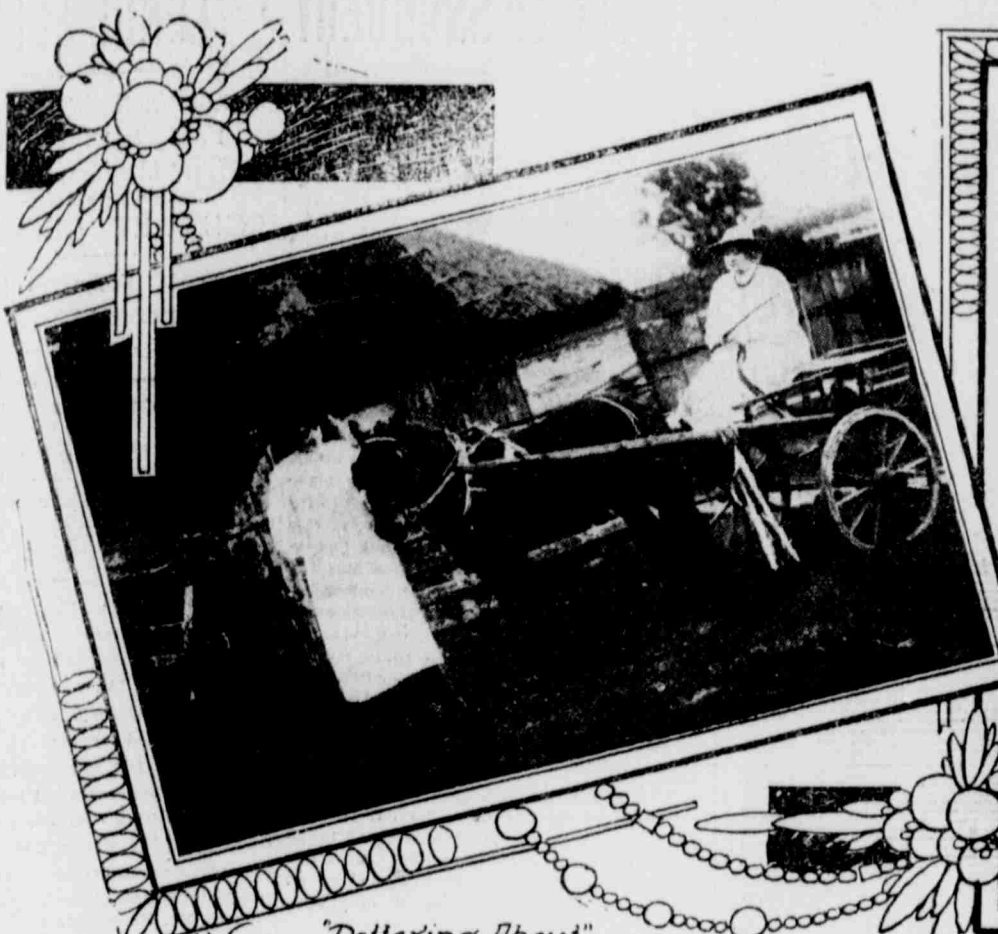


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



"Pottering About" Her Farmat Small hythe, Tenlerden.



The Post against which Miss Terry and Mr. Carey are Leaning Came from Nell Gwynn's House in Fulham.



Ellen Terry and Her Husband at the Farm Cottage

Beautiful English Girl Painter of Weird Pictures

(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, June 23.—"Yes, my studio is a hard place to get to; but I find it easy enough to get away from," said Miss Campbell, the most remarkable girl artist in England, to me the other afternoon; and a small tan Pekinese dog she was holding, wriggled and sniffed in agreement.  
I stared at her rudely; she was a wonderful surprise. Miss Phyllis Vere Campbell is well known in London as a brilliant artist of "extraordinary outlook," "weird imagination" and "unusual ability." Considering her reputation, I think anyone will agree that I was justified in expecting to see in Miss Campbell a woman of repellent aspect, whose pins never pin, whose belt never belts, and whose teeth are box pleated.  
The actual Miss Campbell, however, may be said to be an ideal representative of English maidenly beauty; for details see Ward (Mrs. Humphrey). Naturally her appearance, and with the funny tan dog, was a delightful shock.  
"We used to live nearer the center of town. Sometimes I think I liked it better, and then I don't know that I do though; it is really hard to say, isn't it?" She speaks with that vague caution which seems to be so much a part of the English mama's system. "For those who are coming out here for the first time I usually recommend the Paralytic hospital opposite—as a landmark. It is a very conspicuous establishment; there are always a great many people sitting out in the garden who are always having a great many dainty things to eat brought to them. And they all look so robust. I sometimes wish...—here the Pekinese popped out of her arms.  
Miss Campbell lives in Maida Vale with her mother and sister; and these three Campbells make a dazzling trinity.  
Years ago when her husband died Mrs. Vere Campbell found herself in straitened circumstances. In order to support herself and her two little girls she turned to writing. Her style was fanciful, but precise, and her stories were almost too clever to sell—but they did.  
A BOOK AT SEVENTEEN.  
At the age of 17 Miss Gabrielle Vere Campbell wrote a book. She signed it "Marjorie Bowen." It was called "The Vampire of Milan." Everybody read "The Vampire" and was amazed. Many sceptical people re-read this "best-seller" hoping to find that it wasn't "really good" or to discover proofs that the mother of the author was the author. Disappointed, they had to admit that "The Vampire" was not only good but quite unlike Mrs. Campbell. Marjorie Bowen was famous.  
Before her overwhelming success as a writer, Marjorie Bowen had trained for painting at the Slade school in London and at the Academie de la Grande Chaumiere in Paris. Since book-writing she has been so busy that she has had little time to "paint."  
It is not enough, however, that the majority of two-thirds of this Campbell family should be famous. The youngest Campbell, Miss Phyllis, is getting her full share of the universal admiration bestowed on a name in the art world as familiar as that of her sister's in literature. Heaven knows, her work is too remarkable to lose.  
WEIRD SKETCHES.  
At the Dore gallery Miss Phyllis recently opened her first "one woman

ELLEN TERRY SAYS SHE'S GOING TO HAVE FUN

She Talks for the First Time About Her Forthcoming Platform Tour in America—"Lecture!" Says She, "Not a Bit of It"—Can't Imagine Herself Standing Up in a High Stiff Collar Reading a Prosy Paper.  
(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, June 23.—It would be an injustice to say that Ellen Terry has fads. Rather call them enthusiasms, for her joy in them is contagious, and lifts them out of the rank of boresome oddities.  
To hear Miss Terry talk of her love for Shakespeare, of her young artist discoveries, of her "little farm" as she calls it, and—yes—of America, one feels that somehow all of these things must be of the salt of the earth!  
It is at her farm in Small Hythe, Tenlerden, that Miss Terry will prepare this summer for her American tour beginning the last of October. Here she will "potter about" in her garden among her animals and with her guests—seemingly to bring pets as well as friends under the spell of her magnetism. For to be with Ellen Terry seems to mean to see with her eyes, and to make the love of Shakespeare on the one hand and the simple life on the other, the two most gorgeously attractive things on earth.  
Aside from the pony show in the picture, the farm at Small Hythe has two other constant guests—"Joy," and a personage known as "Henry Green." "Henry Green" is the sheep dog who managed to poke his legs into the left hand part of the picture showing the veranda of the cottage, and the post which was brought from Nell Gwynn's house in Fulham. "Joy" was given to Miss Terry as a puppy by—Grahame Robertson, and with him came a card bearing the inscription:  
"I have no name. I am but two days old. 'Joy' is my name."  
COTTAGES HER WEAKNESS.  
Miss Terry finds it hard to resist pretty country cottages, and has a habit of buying them when they strike her fancy. In all she has seven at present. She keeps on buying more all the time, so that generally there are two or three charming Terry cottages in various parts of England for sale—as in fact there are at the present moment.  
But Small Hythe is her favorite, and it is there that this summer she will do her "pottering" as she calls it, and will complete the discourses which she is preparing for America.  
She calls them "discourses" because she objects to the reports that she is going across to lecture.  
"I am going over to talk to my friends there," she said, "not lecture them, and it is going to be about Shakespeare. Why?—can you see me standing solemnly, all dressed in black, with a high stiff collar, and very smooth hair, delivering a eulogy, or perhaps a learned exposition—about someone who doesn't need any eulogies from anybody?—I can't even imagine it."  
MISS TERRY'S PLANS.  
"I suppose," she continued, "you want to know about my plans, and that is just what I don't want to talk about. Isn't it enough to know that I am going to have a splendid time talking to my friends all by myself, and that it is going to be about Shakespeare? I am not going to lecture at all—I am going to give little discourses about Shakespeare's plays, because I love them better than anything else, and I would like everybody to love them as I do. My method will be to range from grave to gay, from lively to severe—to interest my

American Woman's Chamber of Horrors in London House

(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, June 23.—Mrs. W. N. McMillan and her husband are among the most intimate friends of the Roosevelts. They have entertained the ex-president both at their place in Africa and here at Hill street. Mr. Roosevelt says that Mrs. McMillan is the finest shot he has ever met among women.  
Yet as she drives in the park of an afternoon or pops in to see her friends, she looks the personification of womanliness and daintiness in fluffy garments and a hat of the orthodox size and nothing is harder to realize than that she has done more camping out, "roughing" and big game shooting than any woman in England. But it is so. To the big game hunter, her house, No. 19 Hill street, Mayfair, is the most fascinating spot in town. There he will see the pelts of weird animals of which he has hitherto only read. He will be shown skeletons of mysterious beasts that will make him burn with ardor to emulate the hunting successes of the chateleine and her husband.  
CHAMBER OF HORRORS.  
Mrs. McMillan rather prides herself on her chamber of horrors in Hill street, the most weird thing of its kind in any private house in London, containing as it does mementoes of their extensive travels in Africa. Over the mantel-piece is the skull of a Benin chief who committed suicide because he thought he had outraged his deity. It is beautifully polished and the hostess regards it as one of her mascots. Covering the wall at either side are innumerable heads of different animals which have fallen to the guns of the McMillans. There are also many mementoes of Gen. Willcocks's expedition to Benin, the most unpleasant being the elephant tusks stained deeply with the blood they have drawn. On these native executioners used to impale their victims. The skins of deadly snakes are converted to the most decorative uses. Gracefully twined as in life they are made to hold between their fangs an electric light globe or a vase. The floor is covered with the skins of tigers, leopards and other animals which have fallen to the guns of the intrepid host and hostess.  
It is quite comprehensible that people so fond of adventure should care very little for London and its amusements. For the greater part of every year their town house is shut up. The spring and autumn usually find them in Devonshire surrounded by a few friends, for they never go in for entertaining on a big scale. In the past they gave the lucky people they liked a delightful time at Buckland, a very picturesque spot they lately relinquished for Lord Clinton's mansion in the same county, which they have taken on a long lease. But they are happiest at Jufu Farm, their famous abode near Nairobi.  
PICTURESQUE HEADGEAR.  
Lady Greville's wonderful hat which she wore for the first time at the reception given by Sir George and Lady Reid at the Ritz hotel for the Roosevelts, attracted more attention in some quarters than anything else. It was picturesque, daring and eminently becoming. Of an exquisite quality of black tagal straw, it was covered with immense black ostrich feathers, one of which, falling from the back, reached right down to the wearer's waist; there were also cut jet ornaments and pearl pins, and the whole thing cost \$300. Lady Greville has masses of soft golden hair which strayed out from under this creation in bewitching little curls. Her dress, which was of svelte black satin, a material which is greatly to the fore